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THE

Plymouth Tragedy.

Being a full and particular account of the ſtrange and wonderful appearing of the Ghoſt of Madam *E Johnſon*, a beautiful young Lady, who lived at Plymouth, ſhewing how ſhe fell in Love with Mr John Hunt, a Captain in one of the Regiments ſent to Spain, who after he had promiſed her Marriage, forſook her, leaving her big with Child, how ſhe ſold herſelf to the devil to be reveng'd on him, how the devil could not take her away becauſe ſhe was with Child, how ſhe murdered herſelf within a month of her time, and the devil carried her away and left the Child, how the whole Fleet had like to have been loſt in a ſtorm, how ſhe appeared to ſeveral of the Marriners, how one of them ſpoke to her, and ſhe told him who ſhe was, and laſtly, how in the dead of the Night, ſhe came in a flame of Fire and carried him away.

Sold in Aldermary Church Yard, London. &c

THE

Plymouth Tragedy, &c.

GOOD People all I pray attend,
And liſten to what I have pen'd;
The truth of this is known full well,
As thouſands in the Place can tell.

In Plymouth Town as we do hear,
There liv'd a charming Maiden fair,
Her folly prov'd her overthrow,
And ruin'd ſoul and Body too.

A Captain of the Guards we hear,
Hard by her Fathers Quartered were,
He courted her to be his Wife,
And ſhe did love him as her Life.

They oftentimes would ſport and play,
At length her honour he did betray,
As ſoon as e'er ſhe prov'd with Child
He ſeem'd pleas'd and on her ſmil'd

Saying deareſt don't be diſcontent
We'll married be ſo don't lament,
If ever I prove falſe to thee,
Let Heavens Vengeance fall on me.

O may I never proſper here,
If I do wrong my deareſt dear,
Let Furies take me in a Flame;
If I my Jewel do diſdain

But in a little time the Man
indeed was called home again
The Captain he muſt leave his Dear
Which made her ſhed many a tear.

He promiſed her for to ſend
The which he never did intend,
O perjured Man ſhe thus did ſay,
I'll ſurely be revenged on thee

At length a Letter ſhe did ſend,
Theſe Words indeed were in it pen'd,
'Sweet Love if i ſhould come to thee,
'Pray would you be a Friend to me ?

Straitway he ſent an Anſwer thus,
Unto my Friendſhip do not truſt,
It is beſt to ſtay where now you be,
You'll little comfort have of me

Soon as the Letter ſhe receiv'd,
You may beſure her heart was griev'd,
And for to ſtudy day and Night,
To be revenged ſuch was her ſpight,

But this young Captain her delight,
Of late unto the iſle of Wight,
And all his Men *did* march away,
Leaving his Love at home to ſtay.

As ſoon as ſhe the ſame did hear,
She ſmote her breaſt and tore her hair
Begging the devil for to appear,
To direct her as we hear,

For to torment this perjured Man;
The furious Fiend that's ready when
So e'er he finds us in deſpair:
Our precious ſouls for to enſnare.

One Night unto her he did come,
As ſhe was ſetting all alone.
And like a Man he *did* appear,
Saying, Woman come be of good Cheat.

Come prick thy arm one drop give me
Of thy dear blood, thou ſoon ſhalt ſee
I'll bring thy Love to thee again,
At this ſhe did rejoice amain

She prickt her tender arm ſevere,
One drop of blood would not appear
Here take this inſtrument ſaid ſhe
He anſwered that muſt not be,

Untill that you delivered are,
I cannot touch one ſingle hair
From off your Head if that would do,
In frightful ſhape away he flew.

The People was much amazed
Such dreadful ſhrieks and Cowls he made.
Youd *thought* t'would *rend* the houſe in *twain*
Her tender Parents heard the ſame.

And ſtraitway up the ſtairs they run.
And found their Daughter all alone:
With Countenance as pale as Lead.
Her aged Mother to her ſaid

My Child what is the matter pray,
She unto her would nothing ſay,
For two divines her Parents dear,
Strait way did ſend when we came there,

To pray with her they did proceed,
Still nothing unto them ſhe ſaid,
Nor all the means they could invent,
Could make her hardened heart relent.

When they three days with her had been
To ſpeak to them ſhe did begin,
And ſighing unto them did ſay,
it is in vain for me to pray.

My ſoul is gone, its gone and loſt,
And death that Pale and Ghaſtly Ghoſt,
does tell me here i muſt not ſtay,
So ceaſe good Gentlemen to pray

Chriſt dyed for ſinners that we know,
To ſave us from the Gulph of Woe,
Call on his Name and ſo you'll find,
That Satans Words are all but Wind

But all the Words that they could uſe,
And councel good ſhe did refuſe,
Finding no good for to be done,
Her wicked courſe ſhe muſt run on.

Her Parents watch'd her Night and Day,
Still this Tragedy ſhe did play,
for with a Penknife keen and ſharp,
She piere'd herſelf unto the heart.

Likewiſe

Likewiſe ſoun vipt her belly too
She having got a Mouth to go,
The little dear Infant alive,
Was found in diſmal ſort likewiſe

Her Body it was bourne away,
for her diſtreſſed Soul lets pray,
Atho' that we do fear that ſhe,
Is loſt unto all eternity.

Good Chriſtian People do but think,
What Grief her Parents underwent,
To have a Child ſo void of Grace,
So let us all deplore their caſe.

And now we'll leave them for to mourn
To the young Captain we'll return,
Who little of this thing does know,
But is with dreams tormented ſo.

He Night nor day no reſt could take,
All Company he does forſake,
And very melancholly grew,
At length appeared to his view,

His Love in ſuch a frightful trim,
That made him tremble every Limb,
A Penknife ſticking in her heart,
Saying falſe Man you've cauſed my ſmart,

For all your cruel Perjury,
Your Soul along with me muſt lie,
Where curſt infernal Fiends do dwell
And ſtrait upon his Knees he fell,

And ſtraitway unto Prayers he went,
The diſmal Ghoſt with diſcontent,
With dreadful Groans it vaniſhed,
Leaving the Captain almoſt *dead*,

For Vigo they were bound we hear,
One of the Soldiers i declare,
At noon *did* ſee this Ghaſtly ſight,
Which put them into ſuch a fright

They knew not what to do or ſay,
But to the Captain went ſtraitway,
And told the thing that they had ſeen
and wondereed what the ſame *did* mean,

Sometime ſo perfectly ſhe'd come,
The ſhip would like to overturn,
At laſt one of the Sailors he,
Reſolved was to ſpeak to ſhe

The next time that ſhe came again,
for to have periſh'd on the Main,
They all expected for to do,
So violent the ſtorm it grew

They all at fervent Prayer were,
At length the Sailor I declare
Did Speak to her he thus did ſay,
What ails thy troubled Spirit pray

The truth ſhe quickly then did tell,
Saying him i'll have then all is well,
Then with a Viſage fierce and grim,
She ſtrait approached unto him,

He went to run to hide his face;
She cried false Man it is too late,
She clasp'd him in her arms straitway,
But no Man knew his dying day.

In a flash of fire many see,
She drag'd him down into the sea;
The storm it soon abated were,
They all returned thanks by Prayer

Unto the Lord that sav'd their Lives,
and delivered them from that surprise,
Ler this a warning be to all,
That reads the same both great and small

FINIS.

10 JU 52